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# SIR THOMAS WROTHE HIS SAD ENCOMION.

Vpon his Deareſt Conſort,

*Dame* MARGARET WROTHE.

Who died of a Fever at *Petherton* Parke, in the Countie of *Somerſet*, about Midnight of the 14. day of October, 1635.

*And was Buried in the Pariſh Church of* St. STEPHEN, in *Coleman Street*, *London*, the 11. of *November*, next enſuing.

*Sequitur poſt gaudia, luctus.*

LONDON,
Printed for HENRY SEILE.
1635.

SIR

# THOMAS WROTHE

HIS SAD

# EXCOMMUNICATION,

Upon his Decreed Conformity

Dame MARGARET

WROTHE.

Who died of a Fever at Petherton Park,
in the County of Somerset, about Midnight
of the 14. day of October, 1635.

And was Buried in the Parish Church of
St. STEPHENS, in Coleman-Street,
London, the 21. of November
next ensuing.

Septimus post Genuit, Iudam.



LONDON,
Printed for HENRY SHIP,
1635.

# A SAD ENCOMION.

CAn any Sorrow be like Mine, whose Losse
Is more than Toung may tell, or Heart conceive?
Am I pickt out, to beare this heavie Crosse,
And in obedience, what is dearest, leave?
With bleeding Heart, I must avow that no man
Did ever lose more vertuous, worthy Woman.

An Angels Tongue were fitter than my Pen,
To blaze abroad Her worth, and Vertues rare:
She daily walkt with God, more than with Men;
Yet Men and Women often had a Share
Of Her defused Good, from Mouth and Hand;
And blest the House was, where She did command.

A cheareſull Spirit, and a patient both,
Her ſweet-compoſed Body did poſſeſſe;
Neatneſſe She highly priz'd, and hated Sloth,
As did Her words and actions all expreſſe:
She had no Warrant, often would She ſay,
To ſpend a Minute idle of a day.

Gracious Her words, but few; small Wrongs She hid
The greatest Injuries that ere were done Her, (them;
She did remit, and nourisht those who did them;
So mercifull She was, good words soone woon Her:
There's not an Heart that is not foule and rotten,
Which lov'd not Her, who ne'r shall be forgotten.

A MARGARITE She was, a Iewell rare,
Fit for His Cabinet, who now hath tane Her,
The World nor I was worthy for to share
So RICH a Gem; but Heav'n is now the gainer:
To summe up all, this Woman, this my Wife,
She was the Honour, Comfort of my Life.

The Bird that warned PETER of his Fall,
Nor yet the fatall Bell-man of the Night,
Did ever startle Her, or Her apall,
So circumspect She walkt, and so upright;
Nor Death nor Sickneſſe tooke Her unaware,
For ev'ry houre for both She did prepare.

And when they came, no Lambe that goes to slaughter,
More meeke than She, more willing to submit,
To such a temper love of Heav'n had brought Her,
That for no other Mansion She was fit:
*Come Father, Come, Come quickly*, oft She cry'd,
*Lord Ieſu quickly come*: He came, She dy'd.

And ſo She dy'd, as by Her Soul's migration,
She lives againe, in ſuch a bleſt eſtate,
That I doe wiſh and long for ſuch mutation.
Her paines in Sickneſſe, who can explicate?
*Th' Almightie's Arrowes* often did She crie,
*Sticke faſt within me*; oh, I die, I die.

And ſo doe I, ſweet Soule, my deareſt Deere,
Becauſe in life I did no more reſpect thee;
And now all hopes are loſt to have thee heere,
My great neglect moſt deepely doth affect mee:
And juſt it is, becauſe I was no wiſer, (Her.
That He ſhould have Her, who much more doth prize

Yet She did freely par'ne my faults and errors,
As much as in Her lay; would Heav'n doe ſo,
I ſhould be quit of many hideous terrors,
Which my neglect of Her may bring me to:
Worth'eſt of Women, now too late I ſee,
Thou waſt too good, and I too bad for thee.

If Pray'rs inceſſant, from a bleeding Heart,
If Sighes, heart-renting Groanes, and flouds of Teares,
If Gold and Silver, or Phyſicians Art,
If mercifull and helpefull Womens Cares,
Had beene of force (with loſſe of my deare Life)
They had redeem'd from Death my dearer Wife.

But who can ransome or redeeme his Brother
From Deaths impartiall Stroake? if any,
My part in this hath beene beyond all other;
For by Her Death, my Losse is more than many:
  But since it is decreed, that all must die,
  All must submit to that, and so must I.

Yet this, great God of Heav'n, is my Request,
(Because I must without this Comfort live)
Teach Me to live as She did, who is blest,
That I may die as She did: lastly, give
  Thy Servant leave to see Her with his Eyes,
  After this Life; then happie when He dyes.

And that which add's more sorrow to my heart,
Is my enjoyn'd progression with Her Corps
From that same place where Life from Her did part,
Through Townes and Hamlets, Villages, and Dorps,
  Twice fiftie miles and ten; and in those Townes,
  Be made a gazing Marke for Fooles and Clownes.

There, some Mens Pittie will augment my Sadnesse,
And Mendicants, perhaps, will shed a Teare
For Her, who often gave them Cause of Gladnesse,
By scattering Her Money here and there:
  Perhaps, Necessitie may force me stay
  In that same Inne where we Both living, lay.

Oh, here's a Tryall! helpe me, gracious Lord,
To ſhoulder up the weight of this Affliction:
Sad Thoughts will meet me here, at Bed and Boord;
Nor Meat nor Drinke, nor Sleepe, can be refection:
A ſadder March than this, may no man have;
No better Wife was ever brought to Grave.

And now, me thinkes, the dolefull March I make:
One calls, Lead on; Stay, Stand, another cryes;
And all this while, the Suffering part I take,
With bleeding Heart and overflowing Eyes:
Each Paſe, a Mile; and every Mile, ſeemes double;
So tedious all things are to minds in trouble.

Who? what? whence? and, Prithy Coach-man tarry;
And, Whither goe you, Paſſengers demand?
Others enquire, what doth the Carriage carrie
A Man, or Woman? Then, anon, we ſtand
To breathe our Horſes, ſome thing mend amiſſe;
All which, a Tryall of my Patience is.

Yet this not all: The neerer I approach
Vnto the Place deſired for my reſt,
Friends unexpected meet the leading Croach,
And unto it, and me, much Griefe expreſt:
But to my Loſſe, their Teares give no Reliefe;
They rent my heart, and aggravate my Griefe.

At laſt, foure Dayes conclude this ſad Progreſſion,
But not my Sorrow; that, like angry Wounds
Bleeds freſh againe, and ſwells beyond expreſſion,
As did Her Love to mee, which had no Bounds:
The Houſe I built, Her living to content,
Now ſeems Her Grave, which makes me more lament.

Inevitable Force conſtraines it ſo,
Till Buriall Rites may well prepared bee;
That to her Grave She decently may goe,
With Kindred, Friends, and Neighbours of Degree:
In this I doe but what another muſt
Performe for me, when Duſt is brought to Duſt.

No ſooner noys'd, that I am come to Towne,
But my Religious well-affected Friends
Come to Condole, and raiſe my Heart, caſt downe,
With ſweet advice: ſome, write; ſome, ſervants ſends;
Perſwading, not to give my Griefe ſuch ſcope,
Nor ſorrow, as a Man that's void of hope.

How eaſie thoſe in Health, the Sicke adviſe;
When brought themſelves unto the like condition,
Such Counſell is a Cor'ſive: oh, my Eyes!
Where ſhall they turne, to find Contents fruition?
I cannot Sleepe, Eat, Drinke, Stand, Sit, or Walke,
But ſtill me thinkes I ſee Her, heare Her talke.

Diſcourteous Ladies, who doe governe Life;
Can Ladies to a Lady be ſo cruell?
Ye might have taken mee, and ſpar'd my Wife;
In mee there is no Worth, She was a Iewell.
But ceaſe a while, mine Eyes, to waile and weepe,
Till She be layd where She ſhall ever ſleepe.

*Clotho, Lacheſis, Atropos, Ladies of Deſtinie.*

The Day is come, the dolefull Funerall Day,
When nought appeares, but what may Sorrow move;
Sad Viſages, ſad Hearts, Teares, Blacke Aray;
Yet I muſt ſorrow moſt, who moſt did Love:
This, this the ſaddeſt Day I ere did ſee;
Would it had beene (Sweet-heart) for mee, not Thee.

Yet thou haſt finiſhed thy Worke, thy Race,
And well improv'd the Talents which were lent thee;
And to a glorious Life, from this, of Grace
Thy mercifull Creator he hath ſent thee:
Leſſe cauſe I have thy abſence to deplore,
Since loſt thou art not, onely gone before;

*Non amittitur ſed præmittitur.*

And made free Citizen of Heav'n: when I,
Who have not ſerv'd my Time compleatly out,
Am ſubject to the Worlds ſervilitie,
The Fleſh, and Satan, with his curſed Rout.
Harke, penſive heart, the Bell toules, friends are come,
And I muſt take the chiefeſt Mourners roome.

On, on afore, the Temple see is nie,
Make haſt to bring Her to Her Inne of Reſt,
And eaſe your ſhoulders of Mortalitie,
Which is Immortall now, and ever bleſt:
Though now thy Sheets not Linnen are, but Lead,
High time it is (deare Heart) thou wert in Bed.

I muſt interre thee, by thine owne Deſire,
Where I will lye by Thee, who lay by Mee
For twentie yeeres and one; and there, my Sire,
And vertuous Mother, alſo lodged bee
In that ſame Bed of Reſt; and likewiſe, there
The Child, which once thy fruitful Womb did beare.

Reſt then, ſweet Woman, in that ſilent Cell,
Vntill the Reſurrection bring thee forth:
Meane while, thy Life, theſe Lines, & Toungs ſhall tell,
Thou wert a Woman of a matchleſſe worth;
A Patterne to all Ladies, who out-live Thee:
More would I ſay, if more praiſe I could give Thee.

Conſilium

## *Conſilium amantis.*

O Man, who boaſts of Strength or Wittie Flaſhes,
Or ought beſide, thou art but Duſt and Aſhes;
And ſure thou ſhalt at Chriſts Tribunall give
A ſtrict account, how thou didſt die and live:
Deferre no moment, under vaine pretences,
Amend thy Life, repent of thine Offences.

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## *FINIS.*

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## Confilium amantis.

O Man, who boaſts of Strength or Virtue Hail,
Or ought beſide, thou art but Duſt and Clay,
And ſure thou ſhalt at Chaſtis Tribunal ſtand
A ſtrict account how thou did'ſt diſpenſe
Before no Man can ſtand, under vaine pretence
Amend thy Life, repent of thine Offence.

## FINIS.

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